WHY I THINK MY FATHER AND
MOTHER WERE GREAT

Albert Payson Terhune

HV1792
.T47 1926

AMERICAN FOUNDATION
FOR THE BLIND INC.

HV1792
T

# Why I Think And Mother

American Mag.
HV1792
Cop. 1 Oct. 1922

*By Albert Pay-*

CAMPBELL STUDIOS, N. Y.

**Mary Virginia Terhune, under the pen name Marion Harland, wrote numerous novels, short stories and books on household themes. She sold her first story when she was fourteen, and her last novel after she was ninety. She was blind then, but dictated the entire book, and also many articles on home topics in the eighteen remaining months of her life. "Common Sense in the Household," and "Marion Harland's Complete Cook Book" are among her most famous domestic science works**

THEY were coming down the gangway of the lake steamer, at the Como dock; my mother and my father. He was carrying a cumbrous valise in one hand. My mother was leaning heavily on his other arm.

My mother was supposed to be dying from tuberculosis—consumption we called it in those prehistoric days. That was why we had gone to the Italian lakes. I remember how thin and white and feeble she looked, as I tagged along the gangplank beside her. I was not quite six years old.

A Fra Diavolo sort of roustabout, big and dirty, came forward and asked my father's leave to carry the bag. My father was busy helping my mother down to the dock, and paid no attention to the question. The roustabout grabbed at the bag handle. Still my father did not so much as look at him.

Angered, the big fellow let go of the bag and stepped in front of my mother, to whom he said something very distinctly in broken English. She winced, shrinking back involuntarily. In a single gesture and with no show of effort, my father dropped the bag, and struck.

His fist landed prettily on the roustabout's foul mouth. The big chap seemed to me to travel ever so far, before he struck the boards of the pier. Then he rolled somewhat farther before he sat up, blinking and caressing his bleeding face.

By that time, my father had picked up the heavy bag and was helping my mother toward a waiting carriage. He had not freed himself of her arm as he struck. So clean was the blow that it had not jarred her hand loose from his sleeve.

I trotted along behind, wondering whether the police would hang him or whether the roustabout would come back for more. Neither dread was fulfilled. By the time I caught up with my parents, my father was talking placidly about the bracing Como air, and of the suite and little garden he had reserved at the hotel.

In my heart was born an astonished contempt. In Geneva, a month earlier, when I had had my fight with Rickie Brooks, and had had the luck to knock him down, I had bragged noisily thereafter, for days. Now I had looked forward to hearing some such prolonged victory-saga from my father. To the best of my memory, he never referred to the incident.

Yet it was no simple feat to knock down a man larger than himself so deftly as not to jar the balance of the sick woman hanging to his other arm. Looking back on it, as an ex-boxer, I give tribute to the quality of the blow.

AGAIN, when I was ten, he and I were riding. He had a new horse, Sintram by name—a devil for murderous temper. We were jogging toward our home, "Sunnybank," in New Jersey, when, without warning, Sintram darted ahead, then bucked and reared. I would have been unseated by such a trick. My father sat the horse with ease, and even brought him on all fours again. Up went Sintram once more, hurling himself backward as if to fall on his rider. My father—he was fifty-two at the time and he weighed nearly two hundred—slipped from the saddle as lightly as a boy, and landed on his feet.

The horse recovered his balance and, still rearing, he slashed viciously at my father with his front hoofs. As he lunged at him, my father stepped in and struck.

I supposed his fist landed under the horse's ear. It was done too fast for me to follow it. All I know is that he flashed in past the flailing hoofs, and hit.

Sintram dropped to the ground and, for an instant, lay there, half-stunned. Then my father got him to his feet, mounted him and rode him home.

I HAVE told these two incidents because they are my earliest sharp memories of the man; not because they were typical. Never before nor afterward did I see him strike in anger. Never before nor afterward did I see him make full use of his tremendous strength. But, a hundred times, I have seen him exercise what to me still seems superhuman self-restraint, in forbearing to make use of that strength—and more than one of those hundred times against my youthful self.

This, to me, was the true strength of the man—to have the conscious power that a single blow from his fist would rebuke and crush someone who richly merited it; and to refrain from striking that blow. I have seen him keep his temper and his head under provocation that would have sent me or any other normal man into homicidal fury.

I think the gentleness which is bred of weakness or of meek resignation does not deserve its name. Rather is it sheeplike submission, the cringing of a cowed dog. But to be able to punish to the full an affront or a prolonged persecution, and to forbear—to me, that is the perfect gentleness, and, without irreverence, I can say I think it is the true Christ spirit.

Perhaps I am wrong. I think I am not. In any event, it was this trait which I admired most of all in my father: Fierce temper in thorough control; giant strength, held ever in leash; gentleness whose foundation was granite, not mush. To me, he was the greatest man I have known or shall know.

By the way, I have not introduced him. He was the Reverend Dr. Edward Payson Terhune; a clergyman who was also a Man. They used to say in his family that he inherited his vast muscular strength and his physical courage from his grandfather, old Lieutenant Abram Terhune, of Washington's bodyguard, whom he resembled greatly in looks and figure.

(You can see a portrait of Abram Terhune, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art or in any schoolbook which contains a copy of the Metropolitan's painting of "Washington Crossing the Delaware." Abram is pulling port bow oar, nearest the onlooker. The artist got his description of the picture from him; and painted him in the same position he occupied that December night in Washington's scow. Abram was a young giant of only twenty at the time of the crossing, and had not yet achieved his lieutenancy.)

My father was a clergyman of the old

permit the rays to pass directly through them. Consequently, they are not recorded on the plate. That is how we know that the cap on the old man's head was painted on a good long time after the original portrait was made.

"THIS difference in the pigments employed by old and modern painters makes it possible to use the X-ray to tell whether or not so-called old masters are the real thing, as well as to settle many other puzzling questions that have arisen in the world of art. Indeed, some important discoveries have been made.

"For instance," the doctor went on, "take the famous Madonna by Geertgen van St. Jans, which is about four centuries old. It has always excited comment because of the unnatural position of the Madonna's arms. When the picture was X-rayed, the reason for the strange position of her arms at once became apparent. Originally, the artist had depicted the Madonna holding a child, which had later been entirely painted over.

"The reason why the child was painted out seems to be that St. Jans always drew his children disproportionately small, and someone must have thought that the picture would look better with no child at all than with such a tiny one! At any rate, the puzzle which so long has bothered art experts is now satisfactorily solved.

"You have probably seen in the newspapers from time to time a statement that some painting valued at many thousands of dollars as the work of an old master has been found to be only an excellent imitation. So far as is known, the famous Dutch artist, Rembrandt, produced about seven hundred pictures; yet a great authority estimates that there are in existence between four and five thousand so-called Rembrandts, all of which have commanded high prices. Some of the false ones have been 'shown up' by the X-ray; others that have come under suspicion have been proved genuine by the same means.

"Recently an art director announced that in his opinion all of a certain well-known group of Rembrandt paintings were merely good copies. However, when the pictures were examined by the rays, in each case Rembrandt's signature was discovered on the canvas *beneath* the pigment. There is little doubt that this was the artist's secret method of differentiating between his own work and that of the pupils in his famous school at Amsterdam."

COURTESY GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.

**Hunting with a portable X-ray outfit for hidden pipes in the wall of a house about to be remodeled. The rays, passing through the wall, cause shadows of pipes, wiring, and all metal substances to appear on the rectangular screen at the right. The small picture at the corner is what the observer saw when he looked at the screen**

Some day soon, you may go into a store in one of our larger cities to buy a pair of shoes. The chances are you will find some that *look* all right. Under the admiring gaze of the clerk they may even *feel* all right. Still, in the back of your head, you will probably have a sneaking suspicion that next week, or the week after, those shoes would hurt like the very dickens!

You say as much to the clerk.

He will smile understandingly.

Then, "Step right this way, sir," he will invite, "and we'll just take a look at your foot *inside* the shoe."

And you will meekly follow as he leads the way to an X-ray booth in the back of the room. Here you can study on a screen a "footigraph." This shadow picture of your foot will show the outline of the shoe and the position of your bones. You can easily see for yourself whether or not you have room in the toe!

Fitting shoes by the X-ray, or footigraph, method is still in the experimental stage, of course, but it requires no great stretch of the imagination to look forward to the day when every first-class shoe store, or department, will be equipped to offer this service to customers. Indeed, it is expected that this important aid to the scientific fitting of footwear will work wonders in preventing malformation of the feet of growing children.

PERHAPS the most astonishing use of the X-ray, and certainly one of the most important to you and me, is that made by a big railroad in solving a serious problem.

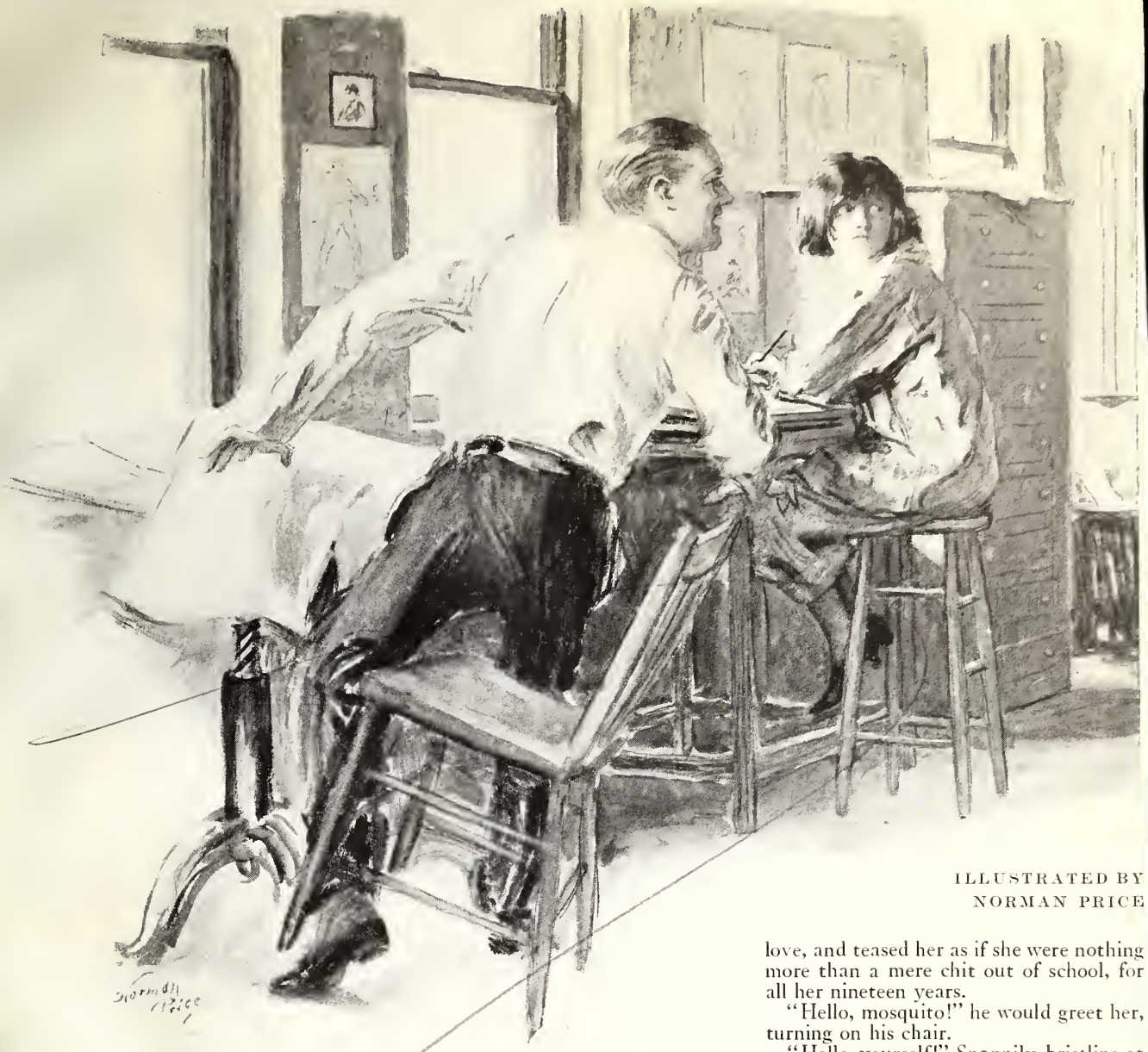
You know, of course, that railway companies take great precautions against split or broken rails which might result in disasters. However, I doubt if any of us realize the extent to which this vigilance is carried.

This famous system about which I am talking, with its main line connecting New York and Chicago, has for years kept the history of every rail laid in its tracks. That is, each rail is numbered and a

(*Cont'd on page 92*)

COURTESY H. H. LESTER, WATERTOWN ARSENAL

**Looking through the hand bag of a modern girl. The objects whose shadows appear above are nail scissors, nail file, vanity case, lip stick, fountain pen, comb, keys, coins, mirror, hairpins, and perfume container**



ILLUSTRATED BY
NORMAN PRICE

# Half-Portion Jonesy

## A whimsical love story

### *By Mary Singer*

SHE was named Felicia Demarest Jones. She signed herself in a boy's up-and-down scrawl, "F. D. Jones." But she was called by all and sundry who knew her more than one day, Jonesy.

That ought to describe her.

All day long she sat perched on the top of a high stool, her feet wound about its rungs, her black mane of hair running over into her brown eyes, huddled in a green, ink-smudged smock that all but obliterated her five feet of femininity, and did drawings of tall, slender ladies with melting shoulders and haughty chins.

When she grew tired, she scrambled down from her perch and went and stood behind Woody Bascomb, straining on her tiptoes to peer over his shoulder at his sketches of muscular young men in union suits, garters, and socks. She envied Woody. He had such a nice, bold, sure touch. He got such action into his things.

Her ladies slouched, and postured, and languished so against windows and doorways. They wilted in such graceful, bored attitudes. She grew impatient with them and wanted to throw them into the waste paper basket. But it seemed the more blasé they were, the more bitten with ennui, the more Hewes and Armstrong liked to exhibit their furs upon them. And, after all, Hewes and Armstrong were the best account in the agency; so they ought to be catered to!

Yet she did envy Woody. Envy him and love him. Even though he, blind male that he was, knew nothing of that love, and teased her as if she were nothing more than a mere chit out of school, for all her nineteen years.

"Hello, mosquito!" he would greet her, turning on his chair.

"Hello, yourself!" Snappily, bristling at him to hide the sudden trembling that possessed her every time she got close to him.

"Who told you to come snooping around here, inquisitive? What're you trying to do, anyway? Steal my stuff? Holy mackerel! A fellow isn't safe from you women anywhere! Always after a guy! Never letting him alone! It's something terrible! I'm going to write to the papers about it."

"H'm! Don't kid yourself, Apollo!" Jonesy's scorn could be blasting for all her inconsequential stature. "You're no bargain. A woman would have to be either blind or crazy to take up with you!"

SHE would flounce around then, dig her hands deep into the pockets of her smock, and mince back to her drawing table, her shoulders high with disdain. She would climb up on her stool and pick up her pencil. First thing you know, her little pointed tongue would dart out and become clamped in the corner of her mouth. She always worked that way when she was engrossed—with the tip of her tongue caught tight between her lips.

In the silence that ensued, Miss Bernadine Saaks's typewriter would go clattering at a great pace—Miss Saaks did copy

# My Father Were Great

## *son Terhune*

school; brought up in a rigid atmosphere of piety and scholarship. He read Latin and Greek and Hebrew as fluently as English. It was a matter of pained wonder to him that none of his children had the remotest liking or talent for any of the mighty "dead" languages, nor any of his own high claim to classical scholarship.

He was a New Jerseyman, as had been all his ancestors for two centuries. But when he was graduated from Rutgers and from its Theological Seminary, he went to Virginia to take charge of his first church.

It was there he met my mother.

May I introduce my mother to you, also, as briefly as may be? She is worth your meeting; for she was almost as great in her own way as my father.

Greatness, of course, is in the mind of the observer. What seems great to me may not seem so to you. H. G. Wells, for instance, decries the greatness of Cæsar and of Napoleon and of King David and of Solomon. It is all a matter of opinion. I can only give my own opinion and my reasons for it.

MY MOTHER'S father was a hide-bound and craggy New Englander who left his Massachusetts home at fifteen—after thrashing his stepfather, so runs the family legend—and settled in Virginia. Her mother was a sweet and old-fashioned and prim little lady of Virginia, whose chief genius seems to have been for the incessant bearing and careful rearing of many children. Just such a woman as such a dour man would be likely to marry, I suppose.

My mother was a dire disappointment to my grandmother. From the time she was ten years old, she used to occupy her leisure time in scribbling stories in her copybook. This was an unheard-of form of mental perversion. Her mother hoped the child might outgrow it.

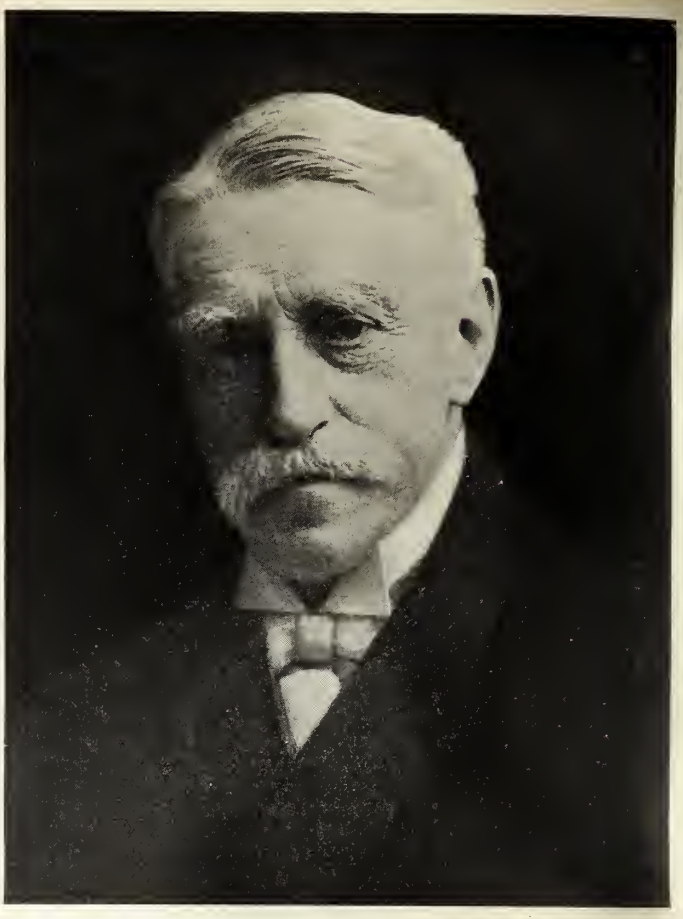
When she was fourteen, my mother wrote a story, called "Marrying Through Prudential Motives" and she sent it to a fifty-dollar prize contest that was waging in "Godey's Lady's Book." This was in 1845; an era when respectable young girls were no more supposed to write for publication than they were supposed to go into the prize-ring.

She did not wish to disgrace her family by writing the tale under her own name, on the off chance that it might be printed and her shame blazoned to the world. So she hit on the pen name that thereafter was hers. Her name was Mary Hawes—Mary Virginia Hawes. She kept the initials of her first and last names and used them for a nom de plume which would sound as much as possible like the original without betraying her identity. This, so she would be able to tell to her girl friends, in secret, that she was the author of the story; with some chance of being believed.

Hence, she evolved from "Mary Hawes" the pseudonym, "Marion Harland."

My mother did not send her address with the story, nor stamps for its return. Six months later, she saw in "Godey's Lady's Book" an announcement that "Marion Harland" had won the contest's first prize of fifty dollars; and a request that she send her address.

"What did you do with the fifty dollars?" I asked, when she told me about it.



**Dr. Edward Payson Terhune, a distinguished Presbyterian minister, held pastorates in Charlotte Court House, Va.; Springfield, Ill.; Newark, N. J.; Brooklyn, N. Y., and during his residence abroad served American churches in Paris and Rome. He was a New Jerseyman, and was graduated from Rutgers College and Rutgers Theological Seminary in that state. For many years his home was at "Sunnybank," Pompton Lakes, N. J., where his son, Albert Payson Terhune, now lives.**

"I spent half of it on a black silk dress for my mother," she answered, "and gave the other half, anonymously, to our church's building fund. You see, I had a feeling I had done something wicked; and that it would be wrong to profit by it."

My grandmother's pleasure (if any) in the silk dress did not balance her horror at her fourteen-year-old daughter's sin. She lectured her severely and weepingly on the unwomanliness of writing stories; and besought her never again to yield to such an unworthy temptation.

For two solid years my mother was so oppressed with a sense of guilt that she did not write another word. She told me those were the two unhappiest years of her life. Story plots kept bubbling into her brain, and her fingers itched to set them down in words. The strain told on her health. In a moment of confidence, she confessed to her father the sinful yearning of her heart to go on writing; and she asked him how best to overcome it.

He demanded that she hunt up any of her stories she might still have kept, and show them to him. He spent a whole evening reading them, in his study. Late that night, he finished the heap of scribbled manuscripts and went up to her room with them. She woke to see him standing at the foot of her bed.

"Daughter," said the grim old Presbyterian, "you can serve God and mankind as worthily with a gift like yours, as you could by going as a missionary to the heathen. God gave you the rare power to write. You would be ungrateful to Him if you neglected it. Go on with your work."

From then to his death he read and reread every word she wrote; and looked upon her with a queer awe. She, alone of his army of children, did not fear him, and had no need to.

WHEN she was eighteen, she finished her first novel, "Alone." In Presbyterian Richmond, in the late 1840's, novel reading was done in secret, for the most part. Such books usually were kept from The Young. Trembling, my mother took "Alone" to a local publisher. He rejected it. She sent it to a Northern publisher, who sent it back almost by return mail.

Then she told her father what she had done. He read the book's manuscript all of one business day and late into the night. Next morning he took it to the Richmond publisher who had refused it, and bade him issue a goodly edition of it and to send him the bill. My mother told me she lay awake all that night, wondering if her father would get back a penny of his wild investment.

The novel passed the hundred thousand mark, in an age when large book sales were pitiably few. Longfellow and young Aldrich and Whittier and N. P. Willis wrote glowingly congratulatory letters about it to the unknown girl; letters she treasured all her long life.

She had arrived. (*Continued on page 131*)

# Why I Think My Father and Mother Were Great

(*Continued from page 41*)

Thenceforward the road was clear. Book followed book. All of them were successful.

She and my father met at a dinner, in Richmond. Each was twenty-four. Each disliked the other at sight. My father had said he "had a contempt for women who wrote books." My mother heard of this. She had said she would sooner die than marry a clergyman; and that my father had the ugliest jaw she had seen on a man. (That was nearly twenty years before I was born with a jaw that matched it, line for line.) Kind friends carried this absurd speech to him.

A YEAR later, he and she were married. They came to New Jersey to live—to Newark, which in that day was well-nigh as strait-laced as Richmond.

There, almost at once, my father fell foul of the blue-law folk of his own and other congregations. Not for any sin he committed; but for his belief that a clergyman could be a devout Christian and also a man with other interests. He was a crack shot, an inspired fly-fisherman, a born rider and driver. He was adored by the young men of his city. They flocked to hear him preach.

He loved fast horses and hunting dogs, and he kept several of both. One of his church elders felt called upon to reprove the young clergyman for his taste for thoroughbred horses and his fondness for fast trotting. He said it was unbecoming.

"I think I can drive to heaven as well behind a fast horse as behind a slow one," was my father's good-tempered reply. "Besides, I can bring down my whip or my fist in front of the nose of any horse of mine; and he won't flinch. He never has been struck. I noticed *your* horse flung his head up in terror when you reached your hand out to tie him, at my gate, just now. Perhaps God is as well pleased with a kind horseman who drives fast as with a brutal horseman who drives slowly."

For all his love of athletics and horses and billiards and fishing and shooting, and his strangely magnetic power over others, there was nothing of the sensationalist in his sermons. When he entered the pulpit he ceased to be the dashing man-of-the-world, and became a sincere and severely zealous preacher.

His religious faith was as simple as a child's. So was my mother's. This simple and utter faith—a faith past mere argument—is the richest of their many heritages to me.

During my freshman year in college, I had a sure tip on a horse race. I put all my month's allowance on the horse. That was some thirty-five years ago. For all I know, the miserable brute may not have finished the race to this day. Assuredly, he did not win it.

Knowing my father's love for horses, I thought I would get sympathy and reimbursement from him. I got neither. When I told him the hard-luck story, he said:

"I am not a rich man; yet I don't grudge any of the money I am spending on your education or on giving you a good time in any legitimate way. But I refuse to pay out a penny to help you make a fool of yourself. Last Sunday I preached against the Ives Pool Bill, the bill to legalize race-track gambling. Today, many of the people who heard me preach that sermon may have seen my son betting on a race. I have nothing to say about that. Loyalty is something that can't be brought to life if it doesn't exist.

"When you are earning your own living I shall never criticize the way you spend your income; even if I may not approve. But it was *my* money you threw away; on something I am known to be fighting against. That may not be a form of theft; but if it isn't, I can't think of a better word for it. Can you?"

I have told in another article of a practical lesson whereby he taught me to treat dogs kindly. It happened when I was about six. I picked up one of his pointer pups and began to swing it to and fro, pendulum-like, by the ears. My father appeared from nowhere in particular; picked me up, without a word, gripping me by my own ample ears; and swung me to and fro, while I howled in fright and pain. Then he set me down and walked away, still without a word.

I stood there, thinking—aghast at his unwonted cruelty. Then it dawned on me that the pointer puppy had received the same torture from me that I had received from my father. The lesson stuck more permanently and more usefully than any two-hour lecture on kindness to animals. It taught me *much*.

IT WAS when I was still a small child that my mother's lungs broke down; and we went to Europe to stay for several years. It was during this time that the Como roustabout incident occurred, with which I began this rambling article. It was during this time, too, that I drove my mother almost to desperation.

It happened in Rome. We had a furnished apartment there, on the Piazza de Spagna. My mother was a splendid disciplinarian and she was rigidly careful, besides, as to my diet and sleep hours. I rebelled often and fruitlessly at this restraint. I used to cite the happy children who were allowed to sit up till ten o'clock at night, and to eat pastry and candy and the like; and who were not forced to eat hideous oatmeal porridge at breakfast or be in bed at seven. In irritation, once, my mother answered:

"When I am gone, you'll have a pretty stepmother with golden hair and blue eyes, and she'll let you sit up as late as you want to and eat everything you like; and she will give you pounds of candy a day!"

She spoke in vexed joke and, I think, more for the benefit of my father than for myself. But the mischief was done. My babyish imagination was fired. Instead


# *Real* money and a *real* future with a *real* house

Here is a NOGAR salesman wearing the famous NOGAR Utility Suit that *sells on sight*. He is happy, prosperous and delighted with the generous and considerate treatment he receives from the NOGAR Company.

**NOGAR Clothes sell easily because they save the customer money**

If you are satisfied with $50 a week, you can get it easily. If you want to make $100 a week, *or more*, the money's to be had, if you go after it. Plenty of others are getting it.

Or you can make $25 or $30 a week *extra money* selling NOGAR Clothes in your spare time. *No experience is needed.*

There's a big difference between the good money you *actually make* selling NOGAR and the extravagant promises some manufacturers hold out to salesmen.

NOGAR Clothes are the original and leading garments of their type. They outwear any other clothing. Men and boys everywhere need them. National advertising on a big scale is helping you sell them.

**Made by secret process**

NOGAR Clothes are made of the wonderful NOGAR Special Cloth, which is produced by a process known to us alone, and cannot be successfully imitated. This cloth is almost tearproof, won't burn easily and repels water. In new weaves and attractive patterns.

Men's Suits, $12.50 and $13.50. Boy's Suits, $9.85 and $10.85.

NOGAR Topcoats for men—ideal for motoring and practically raincoats—$12.50 and $13.50.

**Nogar Clothing Mfg. Co.**
**Reading, Pa.**

Nogar

CLOTHES

*Nogar-ments wear like them*

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

**Nogar Clothing Mfg. Co.**
**Dept. A-10, Reading, Pa.**

Please tell me how I can earn good money as a NOGAR representative.

Name.....

Address.....

*Health may become a shadow unless you guard The Danger Line*

# *Carefree childhood! Will it last? Will you make it last?*

ARE you willing to overlook any precaution to safeguard these robust little bodies?

One of the greatest sources of the troubles that come to children is the neglect of baby teeth. Too often they are deemed unimportant. This is a great mistake. For, while the baby teeth are still in place, the permanent teeth are forming in the jaws. And so, decay and premature loss of the first teeth may cause serious harm to the second teeth.

Thus, the regularity of the permanent teeth, the proper development of the jaw bones, and, to a large extent, the entire health of a child, are greatly influenced by the temporary teeth.

Decay can begin almost at once after the first teeth appear. Principally it attacks the grinding surfaces. Often it occurs along the V-shaped crevices where the edge of the gums meets the teeth—The Danger Line.

*Squibb's Dental Cream is safe and effective*

In the pits and crevices acids form that cause decay—and no tooth-brush can reach into all of them to brush the acids away. A dentifrice must be used which can neutralize such harmful acids and still not injure the tender surfaces of the child's mouth and gums.

Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, will accomplish this. It contains no grit, no astringents, no strong antiseptics. It is pleasantly flavored. Children like to use it.

It is particularly effective because it contains more than fifty per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Every mother knows this safe, effective means of neutralizing mouth acidity. Every time Squibb's Dental Cream is used it neutralizes the dangerous acids which cause decay and irritate the gums. Tiny particles of the Milk of Magnesia lodge in the mouth, giving protection afterwards.

Keep your children's health out of the shadow of The Danger Line. Medical authorities agree that proper oral hygiene practiced early greatly lessens the chances of children catching the usual childhood diseases. Why, then, accept a dentifrice that may be less certain to protect? Squibb's Dental Cream is on sale at all druggists—only 40 cents for a large tube. © 1926

**SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM**

*Contains over fifty per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia*

of bursting into tears at chance of losing her, I was thrilled to the very soul at the prospect she had painted for me.

Of course, I loved my mother, and of course I didn't want her to die. But if she *had* to die—well, golden hair and blue eyes were a grand combination. And the pretty stepmother would let me sit up all night if I wanted to, and she would feed me heaps of candy and let me have Italian pastry for breakfast and all manner of other heavenly food.

That began it. I knew my mother was truthful. She never broke her word. She had promised me this fascinating and generous stepmother. Therefore, the stepmother must soon appear, her white arms laden with rich gifts for me—mostly things to eat. Of course this couldn't happen while my mother lived. But—

Morning after morning I ran to my mother's room as soon as I was awake, to peer keenly at her over the foot of the bed, and to ask how she was feeling.

Sometimes—very tactfully, for I began to see it was not a popular theme of discourse with her—I would seek to lure her into more detailed descriptions of the stepmother, who by this time had been clothed by my flaming imagination with all the most desirable aspects of Santa Claus.

"Could I have a saddle horse and a collie dog of my very own, did she suppose? Of course, not right *now*, but when—when—?"

She told me years afterward that my ghoulishly speculative glares at her and my incessant hints about the beautiful stepmotherly times ahead did more to rouse in her an angry resolution to live than did all the climate and medicines.

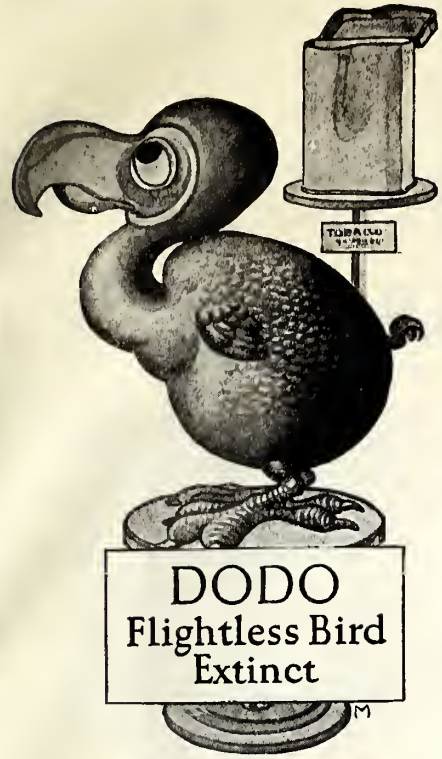
She had gone to Europe to die. Every doctor said so; and on that ground they had advised my father against taking her thither. Stubbornly he had insisted, declaring he was going to bring her back alive and well. His forecast came true. She returned to America at last in splendid health and she remained so for another forty years.

IT WAS before that first European sojourn and before her health broke down that she won another battle in regard to her writing—a battle almost as arduous as the one my grandfather had helped her through. She was the best housekeeper—except my own wife—that I have known. This in a day when cookbooks were few and semi-useless and when housewives perforce turned to their elders for culinary lore.

She decided to write a cookbook which could be understood and followed by the newest bride or the stupidest servant. She wrote it. She called it "Common Sense in the Household." I believe that something close to a half-million copies of it have been sold first and last.

Then came the struggle to get it published. Long since, her many novels had found a ready and growing market. But this was a different matter. Her own publishers would not touch the new venture. They and other experts said there was no possible sale for a cookbook, and that the volume must be a lamentable failure.

At length she took the unwanted cookbook to Charles Scribner, senior. He accepted it—not, as he confessed to her

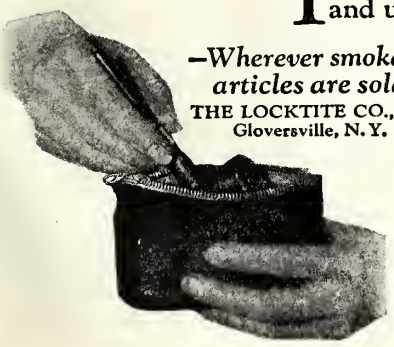



# It *ought* to be extinct—

**This habit of offering a man tobacco from an awkward tin can is about as out-of-date as a dodo—and you know the dodo passed out years ago because he had no excuse for living.**

**Neither has the tin can in your pocket! The "Locktite" Tobacco Pouch with the Hookless Fasteners has settled that. It keeps your tobacco fresh and good—to the very last grain.**

**$1.00 and up**



***—Wherever smokers' articles are sold***

**THE LOCKTITE CO., Inc.**
**Gloversville, N. Y.**

*Look for the Name*

**"Locktite"**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**Tobacco Pouches and Cigarette Cases**

**Locktite Cigarette Cases hold a full package of twenty and keep every cigarette sound and healthy. Open wide and close tight with a Z-Z-Zip! $1.00 and up.**

later on, that he had any idea it could sell a dozen copies, but in the hope that his publishing of it would induce her to let him bring out her next novel.

At once, "Common Sense in the Household" justified her belief in it. It did more. It condemned its author to be known henceforth as a writer on domestic topics instead of a novelist; and to build her future fame on what had been a mere experiment.

"It isn't literature, this household stuff I write," she told me once, with a whimsical resignation. "I know that. But it is *influence.* And it helps people. Perhaps that is even more worth-while than to feel that my next novel is looked forward to by those same people."

Yet I knew it galled her, unspeakably, that a younger generation should look upon her as a kind of super-cook and not as a popular novelist. She bore it pluckily, even gayly; as was her way. And she made the most of it. But always it hurt.

She kept on with her novels too; and even won for herself a merited fame as a biographer. But primarily, from that time on, she was known to the public at large only as an authority on household themes. To me, there is a glint of tragedy in that. She won her campaign for the betterment of American homes; but in winning it she threw away her high vogue as a fiction writer.

TWO more successful battles, on a smaller scale, marked her after-life. At seventy-three, she broke her right wrist. Never did it mend enough for her to write again by hand, except for a very few scrawling words at a stretch. At that age, for the first time, she bought and mastered a typewriting machine; presently using it as fast and as well as many a professional typist, and learning to compose on it as readily as once she had written by pen. That by itself was something of a victory, for a woman of her age, I think.

At ninety, she went blind. We told her it was double cataract, and that soon she could be operated on and would see as well as ever. But it was not cataract. It was an incurable form of blindness.

Unwilling to wait with her hands folded in her lap for the supposed operation, she hired a secretary and taught herself to dictate. She dictated an entire novel ("The Carringtons of High Hill"), and numberless household articles, in the remaining eighteen months of her life. To me that seems her supreme triumph. For the work was vigorous and excellent, showing no sign of its author's great age nor of her unaccustomed new medium of expression.

She was the hardest and most conscientious worker imaginable. I do not believe there was a week-day a month, year after year, on which she did not average at least seven busy hours at her desk, besides superintending every detail of the household.

Neither the quality of the work nor that of the home suffered in any way by this dual achievement. When I say she spent seven hours at her desk, I don't mean she sat there mooning or fidgeting or chatting; but that she was writing every minute, and with every ounce of energy and concentration she possessed.

She endured, from us children or from the servants or from visitors, an incessant bombardment of interruptions which would send *me* insane, or which, at the very least, would shatter for the whole day my ability to do acceptable or even coherent work. Never have I seen her lose her none-too-placid temper at such interruptions. Always, if they were justified—and often if they were not—she would attend to whatever detail of business was brought up by them; and then would go back to her work, joining its frayed threads where they had been broken off.

I dropped in to see her at dusk, just after her eighty-ninth birthday. She was resting.

"I'm a little tired," she told me. "I was at my desk nine solid hours to-day. There was an article the editors wanted in a hurry. Yes, I'm really tired," she added worriedly. "Do you suppose it is a sign I'm getting old?"

THERE were six of us children, to begin with. Three of us lived past childhood. I was the youngest, being born on my mother's forty-second birthday. She used to say she and I were twins.

Apart from her manifold other labors, she taught all of us to read and write; and prepared us for school so thoroughly, along every branch of study, that we entered classes with children two or three years older than we. I should like to brag that we continued to hold the gratifying scholastic start she gave us; but, n my own case, it would not be true. I slipped back with startling promptitude.

As to our home life during my childhood—looking back on it over the lapse of so many years, the only real flaw I can recall is my mother's insistence that we be at the breakfast table at a most ungodly early hour. She herself was up and about by daybreak. She had no love at all for sleep, and she had only a puzzled scorn for those who enjoyed it. Said my father to me, half-mournfully, when I had incurred disgrace, as usual, through over-sleeping:

"Your dear mother is ready to believe that God's mercy is wide enough to embrace all ordinary sinners; but she is quite certain there is no forgiveness either in heaven or on earth for anyone who lies in bed after seven in the morning."

She outlived my father by fifteen years; though she had always declared most positively that he would outlive her. Less than a year before his death, he and she celebrated their golden wedding, at Sunnybank; the home they had bought and built and loved in the early days of their married life, the home that now is mine.

It was only about a month before his death, in 1907, that my father and I went on a right gorgeous spree. I had a box for the season's opening performance of the Barnum and Bailey Circus, at old Madison Square Garden. I asked my father to go there with me.

Always he had sent us children to the circus; but never before had he himself consented to go. Not that he did not approve of circuses; but he feared it might set a bad example to his parishioners. For the same reason, he never would go to the theatre, although he allowed the rest of us to go. It was one of the few bits of old-fashioned Calvinism left over from his rigorously religious boyhood.

After he gave up the active ministry—

# FOR MEN who want to become independent in the NEXT FIVE YEARS

IN the spring of 1931 two men will be sitting in a down-town restaurant.

"I wonder what's going to happen next year," one of them will say. "Business is fine now—but the next five years are going to be hard ones, and we may as well face the facts."

The man across the table will laugh.

"That's just what they said back in 1926," he will answer. "Remember? People were looking ahead apprehensively—and see what happened! Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before. They've certainly been five good years for *me* . . ."

He will lean back in his chair with the easy confidence and poise that are the hallmark of real prosperity.

The older man will sit quiet a moment and then in a tone of infinite pathos:

"I wish I had those five years back," he will say.

*"Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before."*

TODAY the interview quoted above is purely imaginary. But be assured of this—it will come true. Right now, at this very hour, the business men of the United States and Canada are dividing themselves into two groups, represented by the two individuals whose words are quoted. Five years from now there will be ten thousand such luncheons and one of the men will say:

*"I have got what I wanted."*

And the other will answer:

*"I wish I had those years back."*

In which class are you putting yourself? The real difference between the two classes is this—one class of men hope vaguely to be independent *sometime;* the other class have convinced themselves that they can do it within the next five years. Do you believe this? Do you care enough about independence to give us a chance to prove it? Will you invest one single evening in reading a book that has put 250,000 men on the road to more rapid progress?

This book costs you nothing—and for a good reason. It is worth only what you make it worth. It explains how for more than seventeen years it has been the privilege of the Alexander Hamilton Institute to help men shorten the path to success; to increase their earning power; to make them masters of the larger opportunities in business.

"FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS" is a cheerful, helpful book. It is yours for the asking. Send for it. Measure yourself by it. Look clearly, for a few moments, into *your* next five years. Whether or not you will follow the path it points is a matter that you alone must decide.

## Alexander Hamilton Institute

***Executive Training for Business Men***

IN CANADA, *address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto*

IN AUSTRALIA, *the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 11c Castlereagh Street, Sydney*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
662 Astor Place New York City

Send me at once the booklet, "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Signature.....

*Please write plainly*

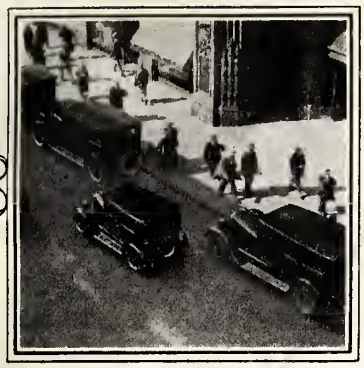
Business Address.....

.....

Business Position.....

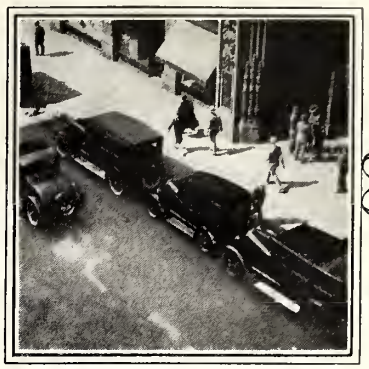
# TODAY—

# *America has its first high-speed European-type Light Car*



*Compared with old-fashioned, bulky cars the Whippet appears smaller and much more graceful.*

*Much smaller parking space needed —the Whippet will park at a 14-foot curb.*



*It turns in a 34-foot circle—that's less than the width of a city street.*

Here at last is a revolutionary new-type, high-speed light car, designed and built to meet modern traffic conditions.

A car engineered specifically for parking at jammed curbs—for lightning getaway at congested traffic centers—for instant stopping in pedestrian-crowded city streets.

It will pickup in 13 seconds from 5 to 30 miles an hour. It will stop in 51 feet from a speed of 40 miles an hour. It will turn in a 34-foot circle —park in a 14-foot curb space.

It will go 55 miles an hour in perfect comfort.

In three dramatic months this new-type car has created a sensation never before equaled by any other American automobile.

Millions welcomed it. Tens of thousands bought it. Quickly its fame spread from coast to coast. It has become the most-talked-about car in America today.

† † †

This new car has a low European-type body. With height and length in true symmetrical proportion.

It is 5 feet 8 inches high . . . not as tall as the average man. Yet it provides more room and comfort than you've ever found in any automobile of this class before.

4-wheel brakes are an integral part of this new car's chassis design. . . a necessity that light car owners generally have not heretofore enjoyed.

Its center of gravity is extremely low, with ample road clearance . . . thus giving a new sense of security never before found in any light car. Something you actually feel when you drive it.

† † †

The Overland Whippet represents a combination of the most advanced European and American engineering thought.

*It is a complete new car* . . . designed and built as a unit . . . not an old-fashioned reconstructed chassis.

The distinctive body lines of the Overland Whippet frankly resemble the smartest custom-built automobiles of America and Continental Europe. Stand in front of this car and you can imagine yourself on the Boulevards of France. Low-swung . . . rakish . . . graceful as a Whippet . . . that's the only way to describe it.

Compared with contemporary big, bulky cars, the Overland Whippet appears smarter and much more graceful. That's because height and length are in true artistic proportion.

The Overland Whippet is offered in three body styles: Sedan $735; Touring $645; Coupe $735. All prices f. o. b. factory. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

You owe it to yourself to see this wonderful new-type light car.

*Low gravity center adds immeasurably to driving safety*

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio.
Willys-Overland Sales Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada.
Willys-Overland Crossley, Limited, Stockport, Eng.

# OVERLAND *Whippet*

## America's New-Type Light Car

# WHEN your watch goes back to winter quarters

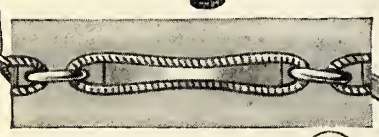
CRISP fall weather finds you buying new clothes. The watch is moved from the trousers pocket to the vest. How about the chain—is it as smart looking as the new suit? Does it do justice to the watch?

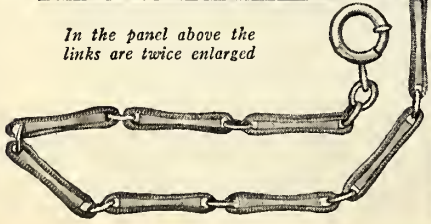
You can find just the chain you want if you buy a Simmons Chain. All styles—all designs to choose from. Waldemar, Dickens and Vest. Chains for every-day wear and dress occasions. Chains that will harmonize with any style of watch. And every one made by the exclusive Simmons process—gold, green gold, white gold and Platinumgold drawn over a stout base metal.

Whether you pay $4 or $15 for a Simmons Chain, you will get the utmost in beauty and value. They make splendid gifts for young men going to school and college. Jewelers everywhere sell Simmons Chains. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass. Sales Offices: 15 Maiden Lane, New York City; 10 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Jack W. Lees, 95 King Street East, Toronto, Ontario.

**SIMMONS**
TRADE MARK
**CHAINS**

*The swivel says it's a Simmons*





*In the panel above the links are twice enlarged*


broken down by the strain of lifting a crushingly huge debt from a Brooklyn church which he had taken over for that purpose, and which he put on its feet again and into a flourishing and highly solvent condition—he began to go to the theatre. For he felt he no longer had an example to set to a congregation. But he had not been to a circus since he was a ten-year-old child, in 1840.

Perhaps you can picture to yourself the billion changes from the primitive back-lot circuses of 1840 to the many-ringed Barnum and Bailey shows of 1907.

It was one of the happiest evenings of my life. I felt as though I had a boxful of wildly excited children with me. To my father, the mammoth performance was a revelation. He exulted in every detail of it. His was an almost dizzy wonder.

But the climax came with the four-horse chariot race. As a veteran horseman, he reveled in that. Remember, please, he had never seen such a thing. Here were two rumbling and gilded chariots in a conflict such as so often he had read of in his beloved Latin annals of Rome.

Classical history had come to life again, just for his benefit! Had the battle of Marathon been refought for him, he could not have been more thrilled.

From babyhood I had seen that spectacularly dreary hippodrome race—the man and the woman, each with the four trained steeds. Smoothly and perfectly rehearsed it is; the man leading and, toward the end, seeming to have the victory in his own hands. Then, at the final turn, his team swings outward; the woman's horses get the pole and she crosses the line in whirlwind finish, a bare length ahead of her rival.

I have seen that race in every circus and in almost every year, for more than four decades. Never have I seen or heard of its having any other finish. If the woman's team should collapse half way around the course, perhaps the man might be allowed to win. But I doubt it. Certainly in no other way could he hope to.

WITH this knowledge in mind, I settled myself down to watch the contest, with a decidedly modified anticipation. But my father was leaning forward, his blue eyes ablaze with interest, his face flushed. He was watching a breakneck duel between two fiery four-horse teams; and he was drinking it all in with the rapture of a child and the critical appreciation of the cleanest sportsman and best horseman I have known.

A sideways glimpse of his eager face set me to leaning forward too, in equal avidity. Together, breathless and tense, we watched the dramatic struggle of the two teams as they roared around the tan-bark course. Together we marked the man as a certain winner. Together we were galvanized into gasping amaze as, at the last turn, the man miscalculated the curve and let his galloping team swing a shade too far from the pole. Together we cried out in fierce appreciation as t woman cut into the opening left by h adversary's blunder and tore ahead to close-margin victory.

"That was worth crossing the world see!" said my father in a muffled voi

"The greatest race-finish I ever saw I supplemented, with equal zest.

AS WE went homeward, his mind a his heart were still full of the mirac he had witnessed. Most of all, that ma nificent chariot race.

Two days later he called me up, telephone. There was genuine worry a a trace of shame in his strong voice.

"Bert," he said, hesitant and sen apologetic, "your mother and one or t other people tell me the chariot race w all planned and rehearsed beforehan and that it was arranged for the wom to win—that she *always* wins. Is th really true?"

I am grateful and proud to say I beg at once to tell lies; even as I would t them to a baby whose faith in Santa Cla had been assailed. I remembered his ke rapture over the race. I knew he had be relating its glories to others; and th these others had sought to undeceive hi Wherefore, I lied.

I told him I had watched the race closely as had he; and that, if I had be judging it officially, I should have declar it an eminently fair contest. I remind him that he was a skilled horseman a as such would have noted any crooke ness in the running of it. Then I ba him wait until I should call up Dext Fellows, press agent of the show, a demand of Fellows that he tell me p vately and honestly whether or not t race had been faked. Fifteen minut afterward, I summoned my father to t telephone again, and I gave him t management's most solemn assuran that the race was honest.

His happy belief in it was restored a with it his reminiscent joy at the spe tacle. I cannot feel conscience qual at my swarm of lies, which banished fear that he had been tricked into a fo ish enthusiasm for a fake. To me, the li are almost on a par with those we told later years to keep my mother from t horror of knowing she was permanent and hopelessly blind.

I don't know that it is in especial good taste for me to have babbled th intimately to you of my parents. Nor I care, greatly. I don't know that I ha been able to interest you in my clum recital. And on this I *do* care:

If I have failed to interest you in th story and to give you some insight in their greatness of soul and their appe ing humanness, and their influence on t lives around them, then the fault is wi my awkwardness of expression, and n with the characters I have tried to sket

They were great. I admired them. have tried to show you why. Have I su ceeded, *at all?* Much I hope so.

---

**YOU have read articles about collies, bulldogs, bird dogs, lapdogs and a lot of other kinds of canines. But did you ever read about "houn' dawgs"? They deserve more attention than they have received, and next month Archibald Rutledge pays his homage to this ancient breed. "A hound," he says, "is the philosopher among dogs"—the faithful creatures who so frequently aim their noses at the stars, and pour out their misunderstood hearts to all those near enough to hear.**

HV1792
T

Terhune, Albert Payson
Why I think my father and mother were great.

| Date Due | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |

Bro-Dart INDUSTRIES
N. J. • Los Angeles 25, Calif.
Toronto 6, Ontario
Made in U.S.A.